

up again, and dealt Thaddeus a powerful blow.

At first it appeared to little trembling Theodore that they were too unequally matched, and felt sure that Beeber must win, as he always did; but Thaddeus's lessons told now, and he used his knowledge with a coolness which surprised himself. In the end he left Beeber out of breath and badly beaten, picked up Theodore and took him to his aunt's, not far away, and supposed that was the end of it all. But the next day David came to him.

'Thaddeus, Mr. Beeber says you're a bully and nearly ruined his son for life. Did you fight? Tell me about it.'

'You've heard what Mr. Beeber said,' Thaddeus replied, doggedly. 'Isn't that enough?'

'No; I'm waiting for your side. I know that it will be the truth.'

Thaddeus's face lighted up. He told his story briefly.

'You did right,' said David; and to Thaddeus's surprise, that was all that he ever said about it.

In the spring, Thaddeus had a fresh surprise. 'I've had a fair offer for part of my farm, Thaddeus,' David said. 'I'm going to sell. I want money to send you to college. I propose to pay all your expenses the first year; and then you can decide whether you care enough to work your way in part the other years. I can't afford to pay anything, but I can give you a big lift.'

It was Hanna's turn to be surprised. Thaddeus grasped his hand. 'You don't mean to do this for me—you don't mean to give me such a chance? Why, you're like a father! I'll serve you always. I'll do my best at college. Oh, if you knew how I want to be a doctor!'

'Don't "serve me," Thaddeus. Love me a little, if you can. My boy died when he was a little chap, and I want a son more than anything else,' said David.

'I'm not a stone, if I am so horrid,' Thaddeus said, his voice shaking with rare emotion. 'I can't talk much, but I'll try to deserve you—father!'

Years later, when Thaddeus was slowly earning his present fine practice in the large western city of L——, I heard one man in a street car say to another: 'That is Doctor Hanna; he cured my boy, you know. That's his father with him. You never saw such devotion as there is between those two. Aren't they fine-looking men?'

Glancing in the direction indicated, I saw my old friend, David Hanna, as erect as ever, while beside him strode a young giant, talking eagerly, his face half turned toward me, and I knew that it was Dr. Thaddeus McFadden Hanna.

Wait for the mud to dry, is a good rule in more ways than one. Suppose we try it the next time we are vexed!

Father Graham, as everybody in the village called him, was one of the old-fashioned gentlemen of whom there are so few left now. He was beloved by every one, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and so active was he.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted, and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

'My dear boy,' Father Graham said, 'take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little till he and you are both cool and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will only be a quarrel.'

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.—'Wellspring.'

Little by Little.

I was quoting carelessly the proverb, 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' referring it to Solomon. 'Does Solomon use those words, too?' asked a quiet listener; 'because you will find them in the twelfth chapter of Matthew, as used by our Lord.'

I verified his statement at once, by opening the Bible at hand, and then turned to my informant to know how it was that he had been able to place the words so accurately. 'I have made it a rule for many years,' he answered, 'to learn the general contents of a chapter each day. It only takes a few moments, especially in those parts of the book which I am already familiar with. It is, of course, a mechanical way of treating the study of Scripture, and must not in any degree take the place of either critical or devotional study; but I have found it most useful, and a fine return for the investment of such small amounts of time.'

I then quizzed this Bible student as far as my own memory enabled me to do so, and found that he knew his Bible as a child knows its primer—book by book, almost chapter by chapter. And this most useful skill in using the Word of Truth had been acquired by a few minutes' efforts each day.

I was fired with an immediate desire to have my class adopt this plan, even if they had to be coaxed to do it by some promise of reward. For myself I can only hope for partial success; the muscles of my memory are now considerably stiffened; but you know the old conundrum, 'What is as soft as wax and as hard as brass? Answer, 'A child's memory.' Soft to receive, enduring to hold.

So now we begin the hour's lesson by a few rapid questions. 'What is in the first chapter of Matthew? 'The genealogy of Joseph, and the birth of Christ.' 'Second chapter? 'Visit of the wise men; slaughter of babies; flight of holy family to Egypt; return to Nazareth.'

You see how easily this would be learned. Do you not think it will make the Bible like the starry sky to us on a clear night instead of a sky murky with mists of ignorance.—E. P. Allan.

A Bump of Love.

(By E. R. B.)

I was looking over some old letters when I found one from a father to his sister, in which he tells a story about his little girl, five years old. I think her funny idea will amuse you, and the lesson her father drew from it will, I hope, teach us a lesson, too. The father says he was seated one day with his little daughter Eva on his knee, and she was telling him in childish, extravagant language how much she loved him. He, to somewhat moderate her expressions of love, told her she could not love so much, as she was such a little thing and had such a little heart. Eva only remarked, 'Of course I have, father.' The letter goes on to tell that in the course of the day little Eva tumbled down some stone steps and had, as the result, a large bump on her forehead. Her mother wondered she cried so little, but when her father returned from business in the evening she ran to meet him, saying, 'Look here, father, I am so much bigger, and can hold so much more love,' pointing to the bump on her forehead. The father adds, 'Would that Christians would turn the hard bumps of the world into love, like my little Eva.' That is just what God wants us to do, if we

are his children—turn the bumps of the world into love. How is this to be done? You dear children who love God and are trying to please him, how can you do it? You cannot go through life without getting many bumps. Some you feel on your body, and some you feel inside, by a hurt or angry feeling in your heart. Perhaps a brother, or sister, or a schoolfellow, has done or said something very unkind to you, and you cannot forgive them, so you have a large bump of unforgiveness inside. Now, this bump must be turned into love and then you will be able to forgive.

In John xv., 17, the Lord Jesus commands us to love one another, and in Matthew v., 44, to 'love your enemies to do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you.' They would not be your enemies, for the time being, if they did not give you bumps either inside or out.

Now, dear children, will you ask God in the name of the Lord Jesus and by his Holy Spirit, to help you to turn these bumps into love?

In Matt. xviii., 21 Peter asks the Lord Jesus how often if his brother sins against him is he to forgive him, and the Lord gives him in answer a small sum in addition: 'Until seven times' is not enough. 'Until seventy times seven.'

70

7

490

When we have forgiven someone several times we think we are very forgiving. But what about 490 times? This shows that God wishes us always to forgive, no matter how often. The bumps inside generally hurt more than the bumps that show outside, and they have a way of getting worse and worse unless quickly cured by being turned into love.

I mean that hurt, angry or jealous feelings indulged in cause great pain and sorrow, but if the all-conquering love of God comes in, who has told us 'to love our neighbor as ourselves,' then the sorrow and pain goes.

First, you must come to the Lord Jesus, who died on the cross for you, and ask to have your sins forgiven for his name's sake and the Holy Spirit given to you, who will help and guide you to do what is right.—'Alliance.'

Good, but for What?

There are a great many good people in the world, but what are they good for? They do not drink; they do not swear; they do not gamble; they do not use tobacco; they keep the Sabbath Day; yea, they even attend divine worship regularly and so we say that they are good people. But what are they good for? Their goodness is of the negative kind. While they do not do anything bad neither can we say that they do anything good. They never join in the song services; they never lift their voices in thanksgiving or prayer; they never go forth on missions of love and mercy; they never give for any noble purpose; and if they are asked to lend some assistance in any way, it is, 'Oh! I can't do that; get someone else to do it for you.' While we call them good people and class them among the better element of the community, yet in our sober, thoughtful moments we are led to ask ourselves the question, What are they good for?—Rev. C. W. Davidson.

The only difference education can make in sin is to make it change the manner of its expression.—'Ram's Horn.'